# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1071.


## Original Poem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

### THEODORE.

A POEM

IN THREE PARTS.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

PART II.

Deep at the end the tree of life is planted,
From whose far stem the heavenly vesture spring:
Set round the crowns of bought, by Angels haunted,
Pinnacles vines, like hideous serpents, cling
One moment—come a sweet trail of glory,
The next—there shooteth a cold and deadly flower,
And the still torment of hour's fearful story
Blends with the frenzy of the battle hour.
The winds rush over the lonely bow and sweep,
The waters seek to cleanse the tainted soul,
And solitude, earth's holiest, inner heaven,
But the fierce agonies still mock their every control!

Among my schoolmates, there was one
Whose presence I did ever shun;
I knew not why it was, but he
Was always hateful unto me:
His every tone of eye, or face,
Created in my soul no trace
His look of scorn, and of pride,
Withered deeper I could not hide;
And as I yielded to its power,
It grew on me from hour to hour,
Until I hunted, yea, even unto
Thus taught that I had become before!
More than the silent waves, which crawls
On some old Tower, for a full year,
Oh! God of mercy! spare thy Sun!
Thus child of thine, our brother sins!

We took of us his bounties, dwelt
The same sweet roof—which I felt
Was the warmer for his smile and kind
Compared to none: no feelings ruled
Like a dull mist on a plain,
Inert and sluggish in the main
But still was never made, to yield
With the evenness of good and ill,
To mouse upon his blessed soul,
Where sleigh me on heaven sing,
Or in hour's fervid strain, to long,
Where sleigh me on heaven sing,
And now, like a dull, distant knell,
The dreadful verses, as he knew
That want of sympathy, which broke
Upon me like a thunder-clap,
So that I felt his very mood,
And from his cursing footsteps fled,
I soon was come with fresher heart
He felt no hardship at the first
Some of the sharpest sorrows here,
Which all we well could see share,
But by degrees we found him changing,
A cold disdain, we cannot and blind,
Which insolently, and with no shame,
And found no shelter among the wards
Grew up. And now it came on
With might, repelling courtesy.

In all the hopes the boyhood had,
That boy we were to be paid,
He was the only one, who could
Read any sin in child or maid,
He was an flower of that soil?
Could find the half so sad and sigh,
And on our school hours, none could see
That evil heart lay in wait,
But he was found, alert, up all,
And I was found by none—times evil
Would ring our gentle mirth like pain
Of merry voices broke the lush
Of the still school, when he had
Prepared to follow where he led
While I would smile, and yet was
Unnatural, from the eager cheek
And weak voice here, subdued dear
To weep—to see no more the pain
And silence—or no tone, would steal
The thought, to me, to be
That if he only would anger
Then this might give the pressed heart
For of the rest, no one could hope
With me in aid, or sympathy to urge,
And to my fearless daring none
My reckless comrades soon love.

And when, from sunset hour
I slowly turned, to tread a path
Which seemed of cold and loneliness yet
I met him, now no more a boy.
But tone, though—I had left on race
In the final marches of the day,
And changed the stripling a slender form
The manhood and stillness
Prepared to brave the wrathful storm.
And never fell to mate' day
Had not removed his cold thicket
Which would confound me, but
Nor my answer, scarcely had
Or all he said, or looked, or did.

It was a lonely evening, found
The moon looked down or who delight
Upon a haunted and tranquil world
The earth lay sleeping like a child,
Once whose features undefiled
Under with a gentle slumber,
The light fleet of a heavenly dream
And o'er the moon came, and, which lay lurked
In the low bosom of the west
Seemed charmed with its repetitions and see
By the soft silvery smile which played
Within its black and cloudless sky,
Like a young maiden, bright and good
Whose name old and dark-browed would
I had been kept for a band of night
From Heine's presence all the day,
And thought to meet no more
But one that thought's ethereal wave
Had scarcely left my mind like heart,
A change came over nature's face.

A change like that from life to death
One moment—the fresh wing stirs
The hillside spreads its gleaming veil,
Another comes—and where is night
The Rainbow's majesty lives,
The valley, and the flowers
Or waters, murmuring soft and low!
Ah! Art was fled! and where that mood
Robed a bleak, and desolate land,
And like a wreck, about it shone
The bright hues of the sunset sky.
Yea! glaring through the thin gloom,
The only heaven we might see.
Why was it that I turned my head,
And looked behind and on my mood
Why from my bosom did gladness flee?
Was it that dark cloud's archery?
Why should I start—the passing cloud
It wraps the earth through like a shroud,
And the fierce storm-winds, as they fly,
With shrill, wild laughter, echo, why!
I stood beside the grave of him
Who did I stand irresolute?
I can no feel this for one moment—
Was that the low tone of a flute?
It was! and forth, it floated again,
And gone! oh! methought around
Oh! sweet and clear, yet full
Till such a rich, overflowing swell,
As that grand music—as full and free,
Sounded upon the heaven!
At length, with slow and irregular tread,
And hardly knowing what I did,
I gained a summit, where the light
Streamed out upon the wild night,
And, but within the surrounding gloom,
Glared fearfully into the room
There mine, and as I gazed, no blood
Crept through me like an icy flood,
And for a moment's space, my brain
Swam dizzily with unnamed pain.
Yes! mixed by my Heine's side,
And gazing on her as he pride

In pride that he, in love in birth,
The most I loved most on earth
Yes! who here were a comrade fell
Beneath your own unnamed hill,
Yet who here stood beside the dear
And shed the unavailing tear,
Over the cave, your dusky of grass
Have brought in sorrow to the tomb,
Or, who here knelt beside the grave
Of her you would have died to save.
And felt that sinking of the heart,
That with that life a void then depart.
That you might sleep, and feel no more
The wrongs that only could be done,
My unstrained the deep despair,
Yes! sleep, which cheered me there
With fathering step I turned away
I could not weep, I could not pray,
I could not reason what was here
Which on my brain such madness press'd
I turned me from that new-found door,
Which I might never enter more,
What did I care, this round my path
The lightning quivered much there with control!
With wonteful smile I stretched my hand
To grasp it, as it were a wand,
What cared I, that the thunder sped
In blinky, quick succession by me
I stood unmoved, nor bowed my form,
Before the demon of the storm,
And dreaded not his vengeful spear—
For grief, like love, can rise not fear!
For deep, upon my troubled soul
The knowledge fell, like fiery zone,
And I finished, yet none unto
That was—and the fear, that is!
Now fondly known my enemy,
Had met with him, whose every tone
I had so longed to call my own.
He was the theme of her lonely
In girlhood's noon, and timid hour
And he was the unsleeping vigilance fled.
And the soft hills round her bend.
Even if some the sunbeam glides,
And echoes, with short and solemn tread,
He was the guardian of her peace,
Yet He, what a fearful pleasure,
Like me, who make a human treasure,
He the cold stars outward to her
When clouds sweep over the quiet night —
Oh! who these sentences can clear!
With reckless violence from heaven,
And never shall be no one dear!

Of this which we or may to agree!

I stood upon the wizard's mist,
And watched the struggle's tide,
To hear me from my native clime
Like a Pythian spirit to the fly
I was crowded fearfully

With chosen and menaces, so fast
That I stood the more, and more still,
And stood where no night soldier dare
The fiend's dark daughter to see her back
Oh! never very more here again
Which I thought of her, my love
Oh! looked by a mysterious art,
Her sweet voice, and her smile
Her whole life seemed to be changed
Which flowed upon me, when I woke
In anguish does the thunder stroke.
Only to the one I had sought
By that which smote me from her side
Now, when I thought of her, my love
Oh! looked by a mysterious art,
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I had loved her well
Yet I had loved her well
Yet I had loved her well

I had no hope that she could be
What she had been again to me.
And yet so clings the evergreen's hand
Even in dying, to the sand
On which he lives, for, for below
The upper stone's tumultuous flow
As rotten the cycle to the shore
Whose boulder he shall see no more,
And dreams that on the distant sea,
And as light, cloudy dragon,
He will breathe his native land.
So turned my eye, and clung my hand,
To that last hope, which kept me sane.
That wreck on which I perished not
No longer did I walk drifty
The only tie to rest away
That bound me to my native earth
For me there blazed an household hearth,
For me there lived a God who was ready to go
But there was one in a distant land
To whom one of pilgrim's hut knee and hand
And she thought how walk, day by day,
And I felt that for her who was so near
And the beauty of her love and hours,
Were he should have, that we agree
Which kept me there for a time
Absent on him in his clime
And the thought, upon which I was strained
For who can long digest the soul
Which, in its wasting sympathies feed
And dreaded not his vengeful spear—
For grief, like love, can rise not fear!
For deep, upon my troubled soul
The knowledge fell, like fiery zone,
And I finished, yet none unto
That was—and the fear, that is!
Now fondly known my enemy,
Had met with him, whose every tone
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From the Lady's Book for February.

### MR. CHANCY'S Cooking Stove.

BY MRS. E. C. EASTON.

Of all comfortable people few have a greater number of comforts to be thankful than had the Chancys. They were rich enough to hire whatever any fashionable lady, or indeed, her husband, could do or to do, without the evils of idleness. They had a handsome house, handsomely furnished, and were not afraid to use it; for they knew they could afford to refit it, whenever that was needed. They had three children—the sunbeams of their existence—whose welfare was their particular care from home, spirited, and make them a pleasure to all, without ever keeping them in a continual uproar—and all these were healthy, beautiful and promising. They had excellent servants, because they had not only money to pay for theft, but good tempers to treat them properly. Each person in the family, in short, had all the comforts that could be desired, and his wife kind, prudent and valuable, and they might have continued to enjoy the most perfect quiet and independence, had not Mr. Chancy's conscience sometimes been disturbed by an uneasy sense that he was not doing all the good he might with his money. The disinclination of anxiety in this country are very almost, and many originate with the women—no disposition against to your sex, my dear—and so you are not concerned about them, of course I am perfectly satisfied. But I should like to be distinguished from the crowd by some peculiarly creditable characteristic or pursuit.

I am tired of moving along in the beaten track. If we had lived in the country, I have no doubt I should be, for now, have been next to the State legislature, if not to Congress, but in the city, a quiet man, like myself, must look out for particular distinctions. There is not a single fashionable folly that I have not tried, and I am heartily sick of them all. Now, I am determined to be original. I will have a hobby—a something—and I will ride it, whatever it may be, if it be even a wooden horse!

"Well, well, Mr. Chancy," said the lady, seeing that her husband grew warm, "we won't talk any more about the plan, but you certainly know that we have an unnecessary expense. Now, if you had taken that money which you have squandered, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some purpose."

"A wonderful, my dear! I am much obliged to you for the credit it will be the very thing for me, I'll invent you one!"

"I don't want one invented," said Mrs. Chancy, thinking that something must have gone wrong with her husband's brain; and she used the same arguments as against the chair, but without effect. Mr. Chancy was determined to have a hobby, and to ride it, and he entered to his drawing and calculating, with renewed zeal. Mrs. Chancy's mind was duly prepared. In the course of a few days, she found that her husband was going to be found to his intention, and on every occasion, the mystery was made to get the better of his duty, and of all suits in the house, none would suit him but that.

Finally, Mr. Chancy, you have seen your paste quite threadbare "by getting down on your knees, to look for a stick of wood, a broom-stick"—in your pockets, holes in no new carpets in such increasing racking," said his wife, beginning to grow severe of so much complaint and unprofitable reproach. Mr. Chancy, nevertheless, he now more remonstrance could have done that day, on coming home to dinner, he took off the cover to see a fowl, and to his chagrin, found that the table untouched his work, and he had there aside to complete them afterwards. The business of dining over, he returned to the parlor and his occupation. He was a sufficient his supports, he threw himself into it, with the careless indifference of a man who has just had a dinner to his liking, with no particular object on his mind. The weight of so bulky a person against the wrong side of the cender of granite, threw the chair on her back upon its corkers, that they gave way, and Mr. Chancy, to the alarm of the house, was precipitated on the floor.

"Really, I can't help laughing! ha! ha!" said Mrs. Chancy, when she perceived him jumping up with the first serious consequence of your invention."

"Not quite unbroken, to laugh at me on such occasions," returned Mr. Chancy, getting in a passion to cover his confusion—"wonders may happen to you, as well as to others, if you had thought a moment, your own observation must have convinced you of that. How many persons are annually scalded, burnt, and killed by your every newspaper, almost, brings intelligence of some shocking catastrophe originating in the best constructed stove."

Mrs. Chancy was easily convinced, she apologized with much humility, inquired if he was hurt, and comforted with him so effectually that he soon recovered his wonted good humor. We should have said, sooner, a little paper of ointment, which, applied to the bruises on his person, ministered to the same. To be laughed at by his own wife! it was more than a man of his spirit could be expected to, and Mr. Chancy determined that she, as well as the world, should appreciate his abilities. So, though the chair was allowed a little repose, it was not long in such order. The mysterious box next made of a cracker, he was now seldom seen in the parlor, except at meals, and he found some trouble in effecting to the end-gate suppressed in his hand. It was hard to get a sentence out of him that did not contain some allusion to his favorite subject. Everything he talked about the house, the fuliness, the school or exhibit, the pulley, the inclined plane, the sledge and the screw, were all put into requisition in one way or another, to aid and lessen its misfortunes. He did unquestionable more work in a week than he had done in a month, and he was very much surprised, and his new ones inquired if Mr. Chancy had become insane.

The workstand was completed—a complement of its success. There were drawers within drawers, and boxes within boxes, an apparatus for a table, which, when it was folded to shut over it, and a lever to lift it out, all of which he was in the habit of putting and taking away, up and pushing aside, as it would have taken to carry out the various requirements and materials from a dinner to a writing desk. Mrs. Chancy did not quite approve of this time, but assuring the inventor that it was her impression but one thing had a convenience, she declined making any objections to the new arrangement. She delighted with it then with his first performance, as much so that he was not satisfied with the alteration of the table, and he was determined to have it so that he should be absolutely stopped into the communication between the two rooms, and the old one was to be converted, instead of a table to the following effect. The proposal is as impossibly insisted to entrance a highly exciting and interesting subject, and Mrs. Chancy was not consulted by any worthy and ingenious tormentor, but Chancy, key, it may be seen at the furniture rooms of Messrs. H. & A. Thither it had been as matched for exhibition.

The husband is as influenced by a work box and a fowl stand, and a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-boiler, and Mrs. Chancy was happily any inclination to finish. She declined at the fowl-stand, and groaned at the coffee-roaster, apparently the most contented woman in the world, long afraid to complain of any thing most of the time, between encouragement it was, or out of spirits, lest she should hear the ominous response, "I'll invent you one." Another cause now operated against her so much as her laughing had done. No sooner called, and Mr. Chancy got no paste, and he felt compromised with his dignity to pronounce until they should be compelled to find him a hand on his rest up the hill of Fame. To accomplish this, some glad effort must be made, and he determined that the fourth should be a cooking-stove.

His workings were now doubled, and his drawings quadrupled. The mysteries of every newspaper brought to him by the servants were read with agonies and perplexities, and triumphs and rarities, and ephemerals, and the whole of the parlor grate, whenever he was in the house, were to the exclusion of the interest of his wife, always for their into the chimney. The fowl he sent Alexander for some fine splinters, and after forming some of his dampers, he addressed himself to the task he believe. During this time, he proceeded by snatches, with his experience to his wife, who, though she properly ceased to object, let him do as he pleased. At last a sickly spinning fire was lighted and was out of the question; and Pauly, who, as it belonged to her position, was entrusted to burn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly spinning fire was lighted, and was out of the question; and Pauly, who, as it belonged to her position, was entrusted to burn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly spinning fire was lighted, and was out of the question; and Pauly, who, as it belonged to her position, was entrusted to burn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly spinning fire was lighted, and was out of the question; and Pauly, who, as it belonged to her position, was entrusted to burn, gazed at it in despair.

Mrs. Chancy, after giving orders that the utensils should be properly cleaned, and disposed to the best advantage, against his should be ready to exhibit them, unfortunately followed his wife into the parlor.

It was time—now and passed without the appearance of tea, yet in consideration that it would take time for the stove to get into the way of performing its duty, Mr. Chancy was not impatient. Another hour passed, and when the accustomed refreshment did make its appearance, it was—but we will not say what it was, except that it was the unanimous interest and potential Job Chancy had two children—10 this Mrs. Chancy was informed, these eldest son, Alexander, had been sent to the back-burning, and her manners, as because gruffer and greater. His friends, who had been invited to tea, left after due deliberation, to make a fire in the chimney—a resolution rather difficult to execute, from the close proximity of that pestiferous body.

The next morning Mr. Chancy was up bright and early, to superintend the preparations for breakfast—for, as a greater number of divisions cannot be called into action for their generous morning's meal, he rightly concluded that Pauly would not understand how to manage them. The same misfortunes occurred with the fire as the evening before, and the breakfast, as it must, was consigned. Our readers, we presume, will understand that the cooking stove, in which all of them have made the acquaintance of themselves, in the model room of the Patent Office, had granted out to them by the commissioner, with the right to the exclusive use of it, for fourteen years, and then it did had, while most of the utensils for breakfast were found to endure.

Then commenced an order of things, which had never before existed among the Chancys. Waiting for meals, and eating them half done and burnt, and half raw, and all kinds of work hindered and delayed by the stove, were the order of the day. Company came, and a comfortable roast could not be braised, though the bodies, as Mr. Chancy said, were large enough to propel as many steamboats as could be found in the city. Mr. Chancy was in danger of being scorched, if not burned, by the unpopular heat of the smoothing irons. Mr. Chancy, who had before always been a punctual man, became habitually late, was now, in the words of Pauly, continually poking his nose into the kitchen, so that Rosetta the chambermaid, who was rather given to gossiping, was compelled to the expedient of gaining a disbelief in his real stake—the pretended one of wishing to see that his wife's appropriate to her station, after an absence of several days, he exclaimed "Mr. Chancy, you're come out of your sphere!"

Mrs. Chancy was gaining in consternation:—"Rosetta," she said, "you should not talk so—what upon earth are you doing with a thermometer in my kitchen?"

"A thermometer! ha! ha!—in our stove, though, it is the best part of the whole—well she had your work for you of itself! ha! ha!"

"What is it, Mr. Chancy?" demanded the lady, in her first public display of anger being laughed at; "what is it! ha! ha!—you don't pretend to call that monstrous thing a cooking-stove?"

"I don't, indeed—what is it, then, but a cooking stove?—a cooking stove of our own invention; one for which I have obtained a patent, and which is to supersede all others, and to be universally known as Chancy's Cooking Stove. What should all those utensils be for, my dear, if not for cooking? He has to spend half the pots and pans and so forth, covering the table from one end to the other, and a smaller one on the dresser. Now, my dear, you have nothing to do—you never have such a collection or conveniences before, in your life. Here are common boilers, and short-iron boilers, and tin boilers. Here are pots, and pans, and stone-ware pots, and tin pans, and iron roasters and tin roasters, and all kinds of pans, and boilers and pots, and here are an iron kettle, and a copper one, and stew pans, one, every variety. Here are steamers of every size and form, and a large griddle and a small one, and a boiler different sized gridirons, and preserves and pickles."

"Mercy on us! who, Mr. Chancy, can count nicely the length of time, and the perfectly safe—and that he always done his business well, and without distraction. Every body thinks that we have quite a treasure in Alexander, who never loses his head on account of that stove!"

"If servants can't appreciate the conveniences they ought to contribute to their labors, they don't deserve to have them," said Mrs. Chancy, angrily.

"The servants, to be sure, let Alick go, and I'll soon have a substitute. You see that we are likely to have, and supposing we were, how am I, or how anybody else, ever to learn the meanings and tarnages of all these pots and pans, and stone-ware pots, and iron kettles, and tin pans, and stew pans, and gridirons, and griddles, and boilers, and steamers, and preserves and pickles."

"We are to lose Pauly, too, Mr. Chancy, and Mr. Chancy a fare to any other.

"Not Pauly!" who, what's the matter now?"

"That misfortune had befallen the cooking stove of three boilers, which she has been obliged to fit herself since Alexander went away. She was not able to go to work this morning, and has gone to her sister's until she shall be able to look out for another situation. I am afraid it is a serious affair."

"Well, then, we must get a cook who will be strong-er, no doubt—"

"Mr. Chancy," said she, "it is never a matter of comfort that one should get people to suit our stoves, instead of stoves to suit our people. Pauly was the person for us, and we must have her back again, whether upon the stove or not. She was not too genial to do great cooking, and could do every convenient work."

"All that is very true, but it is evident that she is not strong enough in the back."

"Then we must get a cook, Mr. Chancy. Rosetta can come up now. She has got a cold in her head, from leaving the front open, when the stove heats the kitchen so much, and she is not accommodation, that can't stand it much longer. It is always too hot or too cold, and work seems never accomplished. Alexander, you are not able to go to work from home, will have friends enough to one of the cook, and waiter are exchangingly grumbling at the stove, and at each other, about it."

"Mr. Chancy, you are sorry for finding papers, too; a pretty story that we must submit to such rebellious conditions!"

"If you were obliged to go to the kitchen to do the work, as I shall be, if all the servants leave us, you would talk in a different strain, Mr. Chancy."

"Why, my dear, I thought that, if properly managed, would be half your work for you—" said Mr. Chancy.

"Mr. Chancy, you are very unfeeling, and very ignorant of common sense, considering how long the formation of the house, and assuming the door after her."

With much difficulty Mrs. Chancy prevailed Rosetta to stay, and as she had Alick's aid as well as his own to prevail on the fire, and Alexander to be obliged to the cooking, a substitute for Pauly not having been found. Thus, as usual, would have been to great advantage without her, as she had been so adept in all household affairs, before that arrange well enough all to accede from their performances, but to cook with Mr. Chancy's stove was another matter. She was obliged to confine herself to a simple routine of dishes, which it was the least impossible to prepare with it, and Mr. Chancy, who had been accustomed to good

living, and was fond of variety, had to partake of them without complaint. Yet he never lost faith in the excellency of his system, and felt confident in pronouncing, mentally, his wife to be as stupid as the domestics.

"My dear," said he, a few days after the departure of Alexander's successor, "you know I do not make a practice to invite company without first consulting you; but to-day I met with a party of gentlemen, who I am sure—you would see my manner, and admit them to be—as honorable. They are, in short, gentlemen: a professor of natural philosophy; two of the first merchants in the city; a member of the legislature; a celebrated tragedian, and also I invited a few of my most immediate private friends,—indeed a dozen in all."

"Why, can it be possible, Mr. Chaney," said you would do such a thing? to—invite a dozen of gentlemen to dinner, when we have not a single servant but one—and a—and, and I am compelled to do the cooking myself?"

"But I'll get you servants plenty. I have just engaged an Irish waiter at one of the Intelligence offices as active, willing lad, as can be found. I was resolved to have nothing more to do with those impertinent black fellows. He'll be here in the morning. I believe he has never served in the house before, but whose servants, forsooth, think of nothing but obeying orders. And I'll have you a profound cook for the city."

"There is no cook who could do anything with that stove," said Mr. Chaney, tartly.

"Nonsense, my dear;" a cook who understands her business thoroughly, a professed cook, can cook with anything. When you have the whole structure in operation, which it has never been yet, you will find it to work to a charm. I am attuned to hearing it properly myself, so that you need give yourself no uneasiness about it."

Mrs. Chaney's disaffection, anxious as it was, had not yet arrived at such a crisis as to lead her to combat what was irremediable, and, the gentlemen being invited, and no further demurred, but set to work upon a plan for the morrow's entertainment, though it was not without many misgivings. She, however, stipulated that her husband should not bring any of his guests into the kitchen before the dinner was over.

The next morning Mrs. Chaney arose before the sun to do the cooking. Mr. Chaney remarks that even a greater variety than is usual on such occasions, should be prepared, that the meats might be tasted to their full extent. She returned with a beautiful supply, having spared neither trouble nor money in collecting it, and found her husband busy, as usual, with the stove, preparatory to Fitzhalket, and well he earned his interest of meal! While eating it, he whetted his appetite with overpowering what would be the complimentary dinner, being to himself in the paragraphs of the next day's papers, which he expected to see "a sumptuous and elegant repast, prepared at the mansion of Job Chaney, Esq. in a cooking stove of his own invention."

Breakfast over, the cook made her appearance. She cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the stove, as she remarked that "she never heard of it—but was what she was to cook in. Mr. Chaney replied in the affirmative, and, all silent, there followed some of the plates and commenced an explanation of its modus operandi. But her feel her honest again.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," she said, treadmill; "I don't never undertake to cook in a stove without understand it. Then that cook for a living must take care of their interest."

Mrs. Chaney tried persuasion, and Mr. Chaney offered double wages; but without success. In short, although it was true to commence preparations, and Mr. Chaney set off at the speed in quest of some one who would engage in the arduous undertaking; but without there being any apparent reason for it, except to disappoint Mr. Chaney, cooks secured, for that day, to have been particularly in demand. Not one could be obtained, and Mrs. Chaney was obliged to draw upon the services of an old woman, living in an alley close by, who was considered a useful hand at work in general, and to prepare what she had on condition that her husband would stay at home to regulate the stove.

The morning was fine, and the new waiter presented himself—a stentic Irish youth, of eighteen or nineteen, with a new pair of boots, which he crushed and thumped at every step, his coat buttoned so closely that it seemed a wonder he could move at all, and his hat set on one side of his head on the top of an immense pile of rough, sandy hair. As soon as being engaged with the parlors and the table things, he was taken into the kitchen to assist there. Through Mrs. Chaney's labors and directions, every thing that hands could do was done well and soon; but what was to be effected by the stove, threatened to prove a failure. Some dinnings were too much heated, and others scarcely heated at all, and Mrs. Chaney heard the first ring of the bell, announcing an arrival, with a sinking heart.

The lower came at which the dinner should have been served, and some of the dishes were ready, while others had scarcely commenced cooking; and as Mr. Chaney was now obliged to remain in the parlors with the company, matters grew worse and worse. At length it became necessary to bring him out; and Mrs. Chaney directed her new waiting maid to call him. He did so, literally, yesterday it would have been a falling-down in agues of Rosetta's, having come unprepared for immediate service, and said, in the loudest voice, "Master Chaney, will ye come until the kitchen if it please ye?"

The professor of natural philosophy was in the midst of a scientific harangue, and Mr. Chaney, disconcerted and through deference to his guest, gave a nod to the messenger, and continued to listen.

"Master Chaney, please to come until the kitchen, will ye?" persisted the messenger, presuming that he had not been heard the first time.

"In a few minutes, Patrick," Mr. Chaney was constrained to answer, forgetting, as he did so, the name of his new aide, but willing to submit to a momentary promptly corrected him—"I've made a mistake, sir; my name is Avery, at your service."

"Very well, Arthur," said Mr. Chaney, with a look of annoyance, but more composure than could be expected, the latter. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him." He returned, and again resuming the discourse, continued, at the height of his voice, "I've very badly wanted, sir; if he don't know and into the kitchen, and help to turn the roast pig out of the stove, it'll be burnt till death, and we'll have till to the turnips now." Mistress Chaney is waiting for ye at the back door in a terrible pucker."

Mr. Chaney found Mr. Chaney was obliged to hasten out, and he found matters as Arthur had described. It was for the first time his own confidence began to be shaken; but, considering his apprehension, he remained with his usual process of opening and shutting doors, turning the spits, and so forth. But a grave hour and labor. The guests began to look anxiously towards the back parlor, and to the signs of hunger in their countenances; and it was necessary to send in the dinner cooked or uncooked. Some of the dishes were found until it would have been difficult to discover their specific nature; some showed the fastest possible proof of the action of fire, while others, which had been perfected by it too soon, would have been spoiled by standing. It had been required by a new set. Never had a meal so abominable, unpalatable had been seen in the house before. Poor Mrs. Chaney, all mistaken and red and perspiring, was ashamed to throw and present herself at the table, conscious as she was that the failure of everything upon it would double her fees during the hours properly; nor was her husband less discomforted, both on account of the host and of the stove. The new waiter, also, constantly aided to their annoyance by his blunders, although they were inclined to throw him from the room, he could not be spared. Rosetta was also in attendance, but could not have done her part well her own. On his removing the soup, Mrs. Chaney noticed that his hands were so thickly streaked with dirt, that everything he touched was in danger of receiving the same tint, and when he came near her she gave to unconditionally.

"Don't I know it, ma am?" he returned, in a loud whispering accent, which could be heard all round the table, and further off, Mr. Chaney having corrected him for his familiarity in the drawing-room—"but where's the use of using for ever washing one's hands? Every time I go out only in the kitchen is for another in the server the temper the stove and all some of them smoky boilers."

Mrs. Chaney found it best to silence him. "What d'ye plase to say, ma am?" he asked, not taking the hint, and rather in the manner of which one or two of the gentlemen could, and Rosetta giggled.

Mrs. Chaney now not herself obliged to apologize for some of the dishes, and her husband, with regard to her feelings, was kind enough to assist her by saying, that one deficiencies must be attributed to the cook not having got used to the stove.

The dinner came having come on. Arthur, who had been intent on other matters, ordered one to a low voice to another of his whispers. "How long'll take ye, ma am, till ate up the taturbles?" "The cook made a waste me fill up into the cellar and split her a faggot if she don't among the coal-scuttle and keep it a-going, or the pace be dried until water carriers."

Again Mrs. Chaney shook her head, at which Arthur again remonstrated. "And I'm plase to say, ma am?"

Then came another course as bad as those preceding, and, to increase the confusion, Mrs. Chaney noticed that Arthur had brought in leaves more discolored than those that had taken away. She ordered one to a low tone—"to bring the clean ones." "There are the clean ones, Mistress Chaney," he returned, this time forgetting his whisper at all; "I upset the vinegar on them when I was setting the tarkee from them' meaning the turkey, and forgot till some them, when the cold lady put me a-putting the clean dagger of potatoes."

Mrs. Chaney once more shook her head, and Arthur, aspect, for the third time, which, indeed, proved the chance for bringing further communications, she ordered him from the room. "What d'ye plase to say, ma am?" said, as he was going, he added to Rosetta, who, as her mistress was in conversation whisper, exclaimed his fault. "I would treat tongue, to ate!" "I do think I have till be herded my memory, Arthur."

His exit, however, was not final. In a few minutes more cursing back, exclaiming, "Presents us, Master Chaney!" took, with the cloudy's odor, and as if all he burnt out of house and home" with that stove! the cold lady is in a rattrance!" and Mr. Chaney flew to the kitchen. The guests hastened to the window, and, in the midst of volumes of dark smoke, with a dusky blaze, bursting from the chimney, Mr. Chaney, to his inquiries to set up his name, had imparted a have it swept, and serious danger was now apprehended. The fire was wisely, and large masses of burning soot were blown about the roof. The boys in the street immediately raised the alarm, the nearest fireboy, and in a few minutes there or four engines were raising around the house. The fire was soon extinguished, but the damage did not end with it. There had been a fourth of conflagration from soot in the flue, and the stove had been so prompt to ante the house. In dashing in about of the kitchen, and condemned to pour floods of water not only down the kitchen chimney, unnecessary, but down that the stove emptied, the cinders, and, but down that of the back parlor also and Mrs. Chaney's elegant new carpet and mode-worked rug embroidered such an injury as could never be remedied.

Of course, to return to dinner, after such a turmoil was not to be thought of, and the gentlemen, after waiting until they new their entertainers out of danger, took their hats and their leave.

"It is all your fault, Mr. Chaney, with your abominable stoves!" exclaimed Mrs. Chaney, as soon as the guests had retired, casting her frugal and her vexation, as it is common for ladies to do, by a flurry in of crying. "you have turned off my servants, half killed me with labor, ruined my temper, disgraced my housekeeping, and now given me this terrible night; I shall never get over it."

Mr. Chaney did not gainsay her reproaches; but the next day, shortly after, he found his tavern removed from the kitchen, and the former stove restored to its place. Though he did not at that time it even to himself, but showed all the misfortunes on the discomforts of his household, and the mortification he had undergone, he is thought to a genius in not alone sufficient to make one. He did not, however, have the heart to pay the cook off in full, and brought her back; and the next time he gave a dinner, though it was not attended with the eclat of such a newspaper puff, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it was deserved one.


# SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1842.


### Reply to Mr. Clay.

The debate on Mr. Clay's motion to amend the constitution, postponed on Monday week, immediately after Mr. Clay sat down, until Monday last. Then, on the death of Senator Dixon, the debate has been again postponed. We shall, at an early day, give a report from the opposite side of the house, to the speech of Mr. Clay. It is understood that either Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Benton, or perhaps Mr. Preston will be the champion of the vote power as it at present exists.

☞ At what Post-office does H. Monran receive his pays?

### Thomas Armstrong, Esq.

Another of our venerable friends has come to his rest. Thomas Armstrong, Esq. long a distinguished member of the Philadelphia Bar, and sometime Judge of the Court, died on Friday, the 28th inst., in the seventy-seventh year of his age. We, who have known him for years, can bear testimony to his worth and the unaffected sense with which his loss is deplored. Through a much longer life than is usually allotted to man, he maintained the purest tenor of a philosopher in the state, and died at length, in the sense of his family, like one who wraps his mantle around him and lies down to pleasant dreams. The general voice of his talents, his worth, his unaffected benevolence will long keep his memory green in our hearts. Beautifully has the Scripture enforced these ideas, and at the same time breathed consolation to the mourners, when it declared that "the wicked shall rather lose the blessing; and from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Mr. Armstrong was, we believe, the oldest surviving member of the Philadelphia bar, when he died.

The fact that a century has elapsed since he was admitted to our Courts. We added to him a few weeks since, as being the last of the classmates of Judge Hopkinson—but alas! little did we think that, in so short a time, he would be called to follow the friend of his youth.

Death, indeed, has been busy of late among the good and venerable of our city. Vaughan and Hopkinson had scarcely been carried to their last homes, before we were called on to follow this good man to his final resting place. But why should we indulge in vain lamentations? Death will not cease from his triumphs—after a life so spent, but full safely in the bosom of his family, with the assurance of a glorious immortality. He was gathered to his fathers, in the sublime language of Holy Writ, like a sheaf of corn fully ripe.

## Bank Excitement.

*Consequences of the failure of the Girard Bank—Run upon the Commercial Bank—Depositions of Girard and Cadwallader—Failure of the Mechanics' Bank—Meeting of the Merchants' Exchange—Public Meeting of the Bank Note Detectors' League of the Banks—Quiet restored.*

We announced, in last week's Post, the stoppage of the Girard Bank. The effect of this event was instantaneous. There is a current anecdote among the townspeople, that the real cause of the run on that bank arose out of a personal difference between the cashier of the Girard and another bank. The difficulty resulted in the refusal of that bank to take Girard paper—the refusal to receive it, of course, to be followed by the refusal of other banks refused to aid the Girard except on certain conditions which, of course, we would not agree, and in consequence stopped.

During Wednesday—the day of the stoppage—a run upon the Commercial Bank took place, which for an intense excitement prevailed. No wonder, however, that the real cause of the run on that bank arose out of a personal difference between the cashier of the Girard and another bank. The difficulty resulted in the refusal of that bank to take Girard paper—the refusal to receive it, of course, to be followed by the refusal of other banks refused to aid the Girard except on certain conditions which, of course, we would not agree, and in consequence stopped.

Shortly after the stoppage—the day at the stoppage—a gentleman called on Girard, and in a few words an unbridled excitement prevailed. No wonder, however, that the real cause of the run on that bank arose out of a personal difference between the cashier of the Girard and another bank. The difficulty resulted in the refusal of that bank to take Girard paper—the refusal to receive it, of course, to be followed by the refusal of other banks refused to aid the Girard except on certain conditions which, of course, we would not agree, and in consequence stopped.

During Wednesday

## ...blications.

# Exciting Debate.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[illegible]

# Congressional News.

[illegible]

# Legislative News.

[illegible]

# Financial Record.

### Sales of Stocks.

*[illegible] Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.*

| | Price sold for |
|---|---|
| [illegible] Bank, | 3[illegible] |
| [illegible] Wil. & Balt. R. R. | 13[illegible]a15 |
| [illegible] R. R. | 19a20 |
| [illegible] States Bank | 3[illegible] |
| [illegible] & Amboy R. R. | 70a75 |
| [illegible] Bank, Tenn. | 30 |
| [illegible] Bank, | 13a14[illegible] |
| [illegible] Mechanics Bank, | 25a25 |
| [illegible] Navigation Co. | 47[illegible] |
| [illegible] Bank, Ky. | 64 |
| [illegible] Coal & Navigation Co. | 9 |
| [illegible] Bank, | 50 |
| [illegible] Bank, | 20[illegible] |
| [illegible] Bank, | 57 |
| [illegible] Bank Notes, | 57a58 |

[illegible]ville Journal, states that half a million [illegible] have been returned, they being [illegible] St. Louis.

[illegible] of the Suspension Law, has forced [illegible] to make an assignment.

[illegible]thorities of Louisville, have determin[illegible] small notes.

[illegible] COLDS.—It should be remembered [illegible] an evidence that some impurity [illegible] lungs, which if not speedily removed [illegible] delicate organs as to sooner or later [illegible] of the lungs—a form of disease [illegible] is the high road to

CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

### Retail Prices in Market.

[illegible]

### Philadelphia Market.

[illegible]

### Our Mail Receipts.

[illegible]

### Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 17th Jan. to the 1st Feb.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E. L. Richardson, | 6 00 | B. Tubbs, | 3 [illegible] |
| W. M. C. Barr, | 6 00 | T. W. Vincent, | 3 [illegible] |
| [illegible] T. Chapman, | 3 00 | E. C. Griggs, Esq | 10 [illegible] |
| J. W. Sutton | 3 00 | | |
| *January 21.* | | | |
| J. A. Neely, | 2 00 | P. Parke, | [illegible] |
| E. R. Nicholson, | 5 00 | W. L. Hunt, | [illegible] |
| T. Lawrie, Esq | 10 00 | L. N. Beardsley, | [illegible] |
| R. W. Hale, | 2 00 | A. Smith, | [illegible] |
| J. Sparks, | 3 00 | H. W. Fowler, Esq | 14 [illegible] |
| W. Alford, | 4 00 | G. Blakely, | [illegible] |
| J. M. Young, | 2 00 | M. Bloom, | [illegible] |
| J. H. Blount, Esq | 10 00 | S. Capps, | [illegible] |
| H. W. Tracy, Esq | 16 00 | Mrs M. Stapps, | [illegible] |
| J. L. Mudd, | 2 00 | A. H. Scott, Esq | 10 [illegible] |
| O. H. P. Stem, Esq | 20 00 | M. Whiting, Esq | 10 [illegible] |
| S. McIntyre, Esq | 10 00 | G. R. Johnson, | [illegible] |
| J. Herbert, | 6 00 | J. Clark, | [illegible] |
| C. F. Wild, | 2 00 | W. Warner, | [illegible] |
| J. Haskill, | 7 50 | J. Cohn, | [illegible] |
| *January 22.* | | | |
| J. Triton, | 2 00 | G. C. Sherwood, | [illegible] |
| [illegible] Coutie, | 4 00 | Jas. Aylwell, | [illegible] |
| J. Gorr, | 2 00 | J. Anderson, | [illegible] |
| J. A. Sheppard, | 2 00 | J. Keefe, | [illegible] |
| H. B. Lupton, | 2 00 | J. Curry, | [illegible] |
| T. Asbury, | 5 00 | S. Smith, | [illegible] |
| S. S. Marsh, | 3 00 | J. Henderson, Esq | 10 [illegible] |
| J. Walker, | 3 00 | W. Harris, | [illegible] |
| Mrs F. Mount, | 5 00 | G. Allison, | [illegible] |
| M. Whiting, Esq | 10 00 | H. Johnson, | [illegible] |
| W. Abell, | 2 00 | H. Hibbs, | [illegible] |
| T. R. Redman, | 5 00 | J. Moulder, | [illegible] |
| A. D. Callender, | 5 00 | J. Hawkins, | [illegible] |
| J. Jones, | 2 00 | J. Baker, | [illegible] |
| C. E. Willis, | 1 25 | T. Grover, | [illegible] |
| W. Campbell, Esq | 32 00 | J. Wilbow, | [illegible] |
| S. Walker, | 3 00 | | |
| *January 24.* | | | |
| E. A. Uhler, | 2 00 | J. Greenleaf, Esq | 27 [illegible] |

[illegible]

### Health Office, Jan. 29, 1842.

INTERMENTS

[illegible]

### State of the Thermometer.

[illegible]

### ALMANAC.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Last | 2 | 5 | 11 |
| New | 10 | 6 | 46 |
| First | 18 | 6 | 26 |
| Full | 24 | 11 | 1 |

# Married.

[illegible]

# Died.

[illegible]

# THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.

A new Monthly Magazine with the above title, embellished with the earliest Fashions from Paris and London, elegant Steel and Mezzotint Engravings, Lace Work, Embroidery, Music, etc. will be issued early in December in advance of the other Magazines for January. The work will be devoted especially to the ladies, and will be issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties shall be correctly given, so as to make the work welcome at every fire side. In the halls of the fashionable and the gay,—the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, as well as in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

### The Main Design of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine will be to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. The advantage of this to every lady who makes taste in dress the least [illegible]

### Elegant Steel Engravings.

[illegible]

### The Typography.

[illegible]

### Time of Delivery.

[illegible]

### The Terms.

[illegible]

### To Clubs.

[illegible]


THE BEST METHOD FOR THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE IS TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BODY.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS [illegible]

[illegible]

# THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

### From the Montgomery Legislature.

On Christmas eve last, Dec. 24th, the ex-Speaker of the Alabama Legislature sent, but found it impossible to do any thing, on account of the spirit of fun, frolic and uproar which prevailed. All sorts of ludicrous were cut up, and the humour of the Speaker set wisely at defiance. Mr. Chilton, a zealous Member of the House, moved the following resolution:

*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama in General Assembly convened*, That the two Houses assemble in the Hall of the House of Representatives, at 11 o'clock this day, for the purpose of singing the following

**Joint Song.**

New Christmas comes, and merry
Let every loaner be;
Lay down thy mallet TERRY,
And let the Senate free;
Thou as no muse for spouting,
Make no resolves to-day,
Thy voice is great at shouting
The merry roundelay.

The Senators are dozing—
The thing is quite evident —
They all feel like reposing—
Some are so lame half lent.
Let PRUDOT and the MAJOR
Have holiday I pray,
And I will lay a wager,
They'll take one half the day

Look out on green in glasses,
Most gracious DOCTOR MOORE;
Adjourn the House of asses
And let them have no more;
Bring down those crazy lunatics
And let in some precision
One day's sound sense for fifty
One day to eggs and goose.

For where's the use of knowing
To-day, about the Law
Some members are drawn sprawling,
And some are in the straw.
Fresh hands they say are fearing,
More eggs are coming in,
Another Dean is coming,
With Orators and with Gin.

The Speaker (Mr. Sale) in the chair decided the resolution out of order, soon after which the House adjourned to Monday.

* Mr. CLEMENS informed us that the Song was prepared by Mr SMITH, one of the Representatives from Tuscaloosa.

WEST—Combe in his "Physiology," discusses handsomely the characteristics of phrenology, and concludes by the remark that there may be much excellent wit, without producing laughter. In proof, he cites, the following instance. A Nottinghamshire publican, rognominated *Little John*, has now to draw a figure of Robin Hood, with these lines below it:

All is not that wrath site that's good,
Count it not dunk with *Robin Hood*;
If *Robin Hood* is not in tune,
Come in, and drink with *Little John*."

Here it was all—except who laughed! The Phrenologist proceeds:—Lottsplon having died, his successor, thinking it a pity to lose so capital a sign, and such excellent poetry, accordingly removed both, only substituting for the name of his predecessor, his own "—from then on,—

"All ye that wrath site that's good,
Come in, and drink with *Robin Hood*;
If Robin Hood is not at home
Come in and drink with Samuel *Johnson*."

Now, where is the wit?—or who can resist the most intense laughter?

ERSKINE.—A barrister lawyer lately managed to corner himself in among a crowd of gay fellows, one of whom was standing by him, in order to make room for another, through rough, was by no means as raw as the sprigster expected.

"Your name, now, I think is—hay?" said the gentleman to the barrister.

"Sir, sir, you know," replied the lawier—"you remember me—Spencer."

"Ah, yes; your name is Spencer."

"Spencer—spare."

"Well, I don't know you, sir, and I wouldn't know you, sir, and I know no law to tell you, sir, that your name you are an ex-Spencer—sir."

A WORSE HEARING.—A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of wind in his forehead, called one morning on a lawyer, who asked what news?

"Why," says the other, "I don't know; my head is considerably out of order this morning."

"That is extraordinary news, indeed," said the lawyer.

"What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache?"

"No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so simple a machine to be out of order is extraordinary indeed!"

QUERIES.—When is a pig like a paragraph? When he is penned. Query, will the eating of shell fish destroy the Muscles? Query, give us a rush-bed reason why Rushmore may, with part fit to their prefer? They take the Rose. Why do fishermen drive a profitable business? Because their nett gain is equal to their gross receipts. Rain came up from the river with a fish pole on his shoulder. Hallo, says Jo, what have you caught? Nothing, says Rain. "You you have," says Jo, "you have brought home a perch." "A perch!" "Yes, you have a rod, and isn't a rod a perch" "Guess it up."

### The Betrothed.

Had I not flies in the beauty,
When the heart and hand were free,
When no other claim'd the duty
Which are now mold cold to thee
Had I loved thee—had I seen thee—
Oh! how had been my fate
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I love thee—thou art late—

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale
That my troth might more be remembered,
Thou betrothed to wealth and mine.
All I have was ever promised falsed—
I have found thee—but too late

Like the dawn that farks the frontier
With the sorrow in his breast,
Or like light upon the mountains
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thou hast known me—but forget me
For I feel it but the same
Oh! to meditate to leave met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

EATING A FRANTICIAN.—The following very curious announcement appears in the Louisville *City Gazette*:

"Charles Short was honorably acquitted of the charge, entered in the paper some time since, of eating up a Frenchman, it being clearly shown that he entertained no malice, and was the aggressor. Prisoner gives Counsel."

That is about the most singular charge we ever heard of. And it seems, too, that he was acquitted because he performed the deed without malice—merely because he was hungry, perhaps.

HERMANUS.—Miss Lucretia Rivers, "and a central fellow to a certain young maid," have you heard of the recent act of parliament by which all ladies with small fortunes are to be provided with husbands? "Indeed I am," replied the lady, screwing up her mouth with a pucker. "Oh sir, I, however, complained of the—" "and another clause of the act provides that all those who have large mouths shall have the two husbands each." "O my!" cried the lady, opening her mouth as big as a bucket," what a wonderful curious law.

ACQUITTED AT LAST.—The Doctor was sent for at one time to attend an unfortunate thief, who, in jumping himself from a gentleman's woodpile, had torn two of his fingers from attachment to a spring gun, which gun thereupon went off, wounding the prostrate rogue very badly. "It was a very remarkable case," said the doctor, "and I think the only one on record of a man coming to any cussing but in a court in the capacity of a witness."

HOW TO EDUCATE.—Are you not going to educate your children?" it was asked of an old German farmer in Pennsylvania.

"No, my oldest son learnt to write and he forged my name.

The reasoning of the farmer was just, if learning be the source of education.

A DOWN EAST SAYING.—A Yankee captain once rung out in a squall to a new hand merely stopped on the quarter deck.

"Let go the jib, there." Does your skun, let go that jib?"

"I said a fourteen inch" repulled out the sample down Easter to windward.

A TRUE NEGRO.—Amongst the south county of Surrey, long once asked where he kept his hounds, pointed to a great number of poor people, who were seated at tables eating and drinking, and replied, "these are my hounds, to whom I go in chase of hares." He was answered "The Happy."

SHARED HIS BED.—A woman, in a town not far from Portsmouth, N. H. who had been ill-used by her husband, on finding him regaining the comforts of a sound sleep, quietly crept him up in the bed clothes, and when he was in that delicious situation, gave him a sound thrashing.

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From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## The Spy.

OR, ST. MARK BY SANTA DOMINGO.

The perils incurred by a spy in entering the enemy's camp and obtaining the entry of a foreign country are far from equalling the dangers of similar occupations during a civil war. To the spy of desertion by some feeble accustomance or friend, must be added the difficulty of deceiving men of the same country and habits speaking the same language, and prepared to seize on the smallest discrepancy of speech and dress as the ground of suspicion. That individuals are always to be found who, for gold, and for fame and then from motives of enthusiasm for their cause, will run all risks, and put themselves in positions of imminent peril, in order to obtain or convey information. During the wild war between Carlists and Christinos, innumerable strange adventures occurred, arising out of the great extent to which the system of espionage was carried by both parties. In this the partisans of Don Carlos had the advantage, at least in the Basque provinces; for there the peasant, devoted to the cause of the Pretender, gratuitously acted as spies, or conveyed despatches across districts held by the enemy. A man would set out at the sunset run which those light-footed mountaineers will keep up nearly as long as a dweller in the plain could walk; when foot-sore, he would hand over his despatches, or perhaps verbal message, to the first intelligent and well-mounted horse he met, and thus from one hand to another till the mission was accomplished. Instances of extreme terror or extreme courage were shown in conveying a letter, in case of the messenger being met by the enemy. Like the old Scottish borderers of Sandie Purvis, who had hidden his neighbor's money in a hollow staff, despatches were sometimes placed in sticks prepared for the purpose; but this was a stale device, and often detected. A fragment of a letter in the pocket of a peasant's blouse would scarcely excite suspicion, yet in this found was the important copy of paper, which, if found, would have cost the bearer his life. A packet of Christino cavalry was passing near to Navarre, and no object of interest stopped a peasant. After many questions, to which the man replied satisfactorily, his person was searched with scarch. Half-a-dozen dollars were in the worsted sash round his waist, and taking them in his hand, he offered them to the subaltern commanding the party.

"No money forbidden," was the answer; "we are not robbers; keep your money." The man pressed his money—and then the hundred dollars were found in the paper, closely written over, in the hands of a Carlist general. It had been concealed in one of the entire rejected by the Christino officer.

The persons who acted as spies were usually, but not always, peasants or townsmen of the district. They resorted to the enemy, expressing themselves disgusted with the party they had left, would sometimes, after a few days or weeks, stay with their new friends, return to their former ones, and, having with them all the information that they had been able to collect. Not unfrequently a spy would be the first to be pressed by a victorious beggar-woman, perhaps with a child in her arms, who begged for alms from the fugitives as they fled, ostensibly chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. In the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, with the same appearance of terror as when she had been merely chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. In the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, with the same appearance of terror as when she had been merely chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. In the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, with the same appearance of terror as when she had been merely chatting with the soldiers, and listening to their conversation amongst themselves. In the passage of some watercourse or ravine, she would leave them, with

"All ye that wrath site that's good,
Come in, and drink with *Robin Hood*;
If *Robin Hood* is not at home
Come in and drink with Samuel *Johnson*."

Now, where is the wit?—or who can resist the most intense laughter?

ERSKINE.—A barrister lawyer lately managed to corner himself in among a crowd of gay fellows, one of whom was standing by him, in order to make room for another, through rough, was by no means as raw as the sprigster expected.

"Your name, now, I think is—hay?" said the gentleman to the barrister.

"Sir, sir, you know," replied the lawier—"you remember me—Spencer."

"Ah, yes; your name is Spencer."

"Spencer—spare."

"Well, I don't know you, sir, and I wouldn't know you, sir, and I know no law to tell you, sir, that your name you are an ex-Spencer—sir."

A WORSE HEARING.—A gentleman remarkable for having a great deal of wind in his forehead, called one morning on a lawyer, who asked what news?

"Why," says the other, "I don't know; my head is considerably out of order this morning."

"That is extraordinary news, indeed," said the lawyer.

"What! an extraordinary thing for a man to have the headache?"

"No, sir," says he, "I do not say that; but for so simple a machine to be out of order is extraordinary indeed!"

QUERIES.—When is a pig like a paragraph? When he is penned. Query, will the eating of shell fish destroy the Muscles? Query, give us a rush-bed reason why Rushmore may, with part fit to their prefer? They take the Rose. Why do fishermen drive a profitable business? Because their nett gain is equal to their gross receipts. Rain came up from the river with a fish pole on his shoulder. Hallo, says Jo, what have you caught? Nothing, says Rain. "You you have," says Jo, "you have brought home a perch." "A perch!" "Yes, you have a rod, and isn't a rod a perch" "Guess it up."

### The Betrothed.

Had I not flies in the beauty,
When the heart and hand were free,
When no other claim'd the duty
Which are now mold cold to thee
Had I loved thee—had I seen thee—
Oh! how had been my fate
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I love thee—thou art late—

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale
That my troth might more be remembered,
Thou betrothed to wealth and mine.
All I have was ever promised falsed—
I have found thee—but too late

Like the dawn that farks the frontier
With the sorrow in his breast,
Or like light upon the mountains
Where the snow must ever rest,
Thou hast known me—but forget me
For I feel it but the same
Oh! to meditate to leave met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

EATING A FRANTICIAN.—The following very curious announcement appears in the Louisville *City Gazette*:

"Charles Short was honorably acquitted of the charge, entered in the paper some time since, of eating up a Frenchman, it being clearly shown that he entertained no malice, and was the aggressor. Prisoner gives Counsel."

That is about the most singular charge we ever heard of. And it seems, too, that he was acquitted because he performed the deed without malice—merely because he was hungry, perhaps.

HERMANUS.—Miss Lucretia Rivers, "and a central fellow to a certain young maid," have you heard of the recent act of parliament by which all ladies with small fortunes are to be provided with husbands? "Indeed I am," replied the lady, screwing up her mouth with a pucker. "Oh sir, I, however, complained of the—" "and another clause of the act provides that all those who have large mouths shall have the two husbands each." "O my!" cried the lady, opening her mouth as big as a bucket," what a wonderful curious law.

ACQUITTED AT LAST.—The Doctor was sent for at one time to attend an unfortunate thief, who, in jumping himself from a gentleman's woodpile, had torn two of his fingers from attachment to a spring gun, which gun thereupon went off, wounding the prostrate rogue very badly. "It was a very remarkable case," said the doctor, "and I think the only one on record of a man coming to any cussing but in a court in the capacity of a witness."

HOW TO EDUCATE.—Are you not going to educate your children?" it was asked of an old German farmer in Pennsylvania.

"No, my oldest son learnt to write and he forged my name.

The reasoning of the farmer was just, if learning be the source of education.

A DOWN EAST SAYING.—A Yankee captain once rung out in a squall to a new hand merely stopped on the quarter deck.

"Let go the jib, there." Does your skun, let go that jib?"

"I said a fourteen inch" repulled out the sample down Easter to windward.

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A SERIOUS MISTAKE.—"This is too serious a matter to make light of," as the whale remarked to the man that was tapping the oil out of his head.

The month of December had set in cold and wintry, and, with the exception of an occasional movement or foraging party, active military operations were likely to be for some time suspended. But Prevost, however, on order was given for the troops quartered in the St. Domingo convent to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and it was rumored that some convoy or post of the enemy was to be surprised. From afterwards several officers came down to the barracks, and, having ascertained that all was in readiness for the march, stopped for a moment to light their cigars at the guard fire.

"I'll be glad to get home alone then this to warm ourselves by our native hearts are yours," said a young fire-eater, stamping his feet as he spoke, to get some warmth then he could obtain from the smoky guard fire.

"By the bye," cried another, "how far is it to the convent, Jack?" I do not remember serving it in any of our routine or foraging parties."

"It is of one high road, but not more than five or six leagues distant from Vittoria. The roads are good, thanks to the Duke, and if we start early, we may get there by noon, slip the place, and be back to our quarters by an hour after dark."

"Hush!" said an old captain with a thick grizzled moustache, "you know not who may be within hearing; and though the gates are shut, they say there are Carlists in Vittoria who communicate with the enemy by night and other signals."

"Pshaw!" cried the young officer who had first spoken, "you are getting nervous, my captain. There is no use now but the men on guard and that wretched dumb bell."

"Walls have sometimes ears," replied the captain, "I say again, all our movements should be kept a secret or two have been failures. Either our spies do not keep their secrets, or there are Carlists within the walls. But it is growing late, so *buenos noches*, señores."

*Buenos noches – buenos noches!"* and the officers turned away in the direction of their respective billets.

Scarcely had the sound of their footsteps become inaudible, when a head was slowly raised from among the ruins of a ruined house, and a figure emerged cautiously from the fire, and the black eyes of the needle peered keenly around. Then all was silent, and the figure disappeared from the view of the sentinel, who, wearied with his long vigil, had sunk down on the ground, and was now fast asleep. The figure then passed noiselessly through the breach that was to accommodate a gun, and, having crept on all fours for a few yards, rose to its feet, and ran rapidly in the direction of the convent wall, and in the direction of the ravine, which was now almost concealed by the gathering darkness. The darkness enabled him to pass within a short distance of more than one sentinel, and a moment after he was in the ravine where the slight curtain wall, broken and crumbling, afforded a ready means of ascent. Then the figure lightly into the shallow moat, and, stumbling up the opposite bank, was arrested by a challenge.

A few hours after this escapade, a body of troops marched out with the design of cutting off the convoy, but, after marching for several hours, they returned, disappointed, but blithely cold and the soldiers, mostly from the north of Ireland, were loud in their praises of the Basque women, seemed but moderately rejoiced at the return of the troops, and, when the officers asked how they had passed the time, and even when they found that the fire they were much disappointed at the result of the expedition, and were surprised in the same night's bivouac, scarcely a single individual of strength and size remained, and the scene conveyed to the convent by the ragged companion of the previous evening.

Towards the latter part of the year 1835, and on a fine autumnal morning, a scene of wild confusion in the town was enacting on a field about half musket shot from a hamlet of northern Aleva. Several companies of militia and other infantry, with the alcaide at their head, were assembled several women, and persons in citizen and peasant dress.

"Valentin Rojas!" read the general.

The guard immediately in the prisoner opened the file, and the young officer, advancing to within a few paces of the prisoner, read from a paper which he held in his hand.

"Valentin Rojas! you have been guilty of grave neglect of duty in allowing your prisoner to be surprised last night from want of care at some distance from the guard-room; court-martial has condemned you to death, but not withstanding a recommendation to mercy, founded on your good character and zeal for the true cause. Neither do I forget the services of your gallant father, since at the side of the immortal Zumalacarregui. Your faults, however, must be repaired; and if I extend to you the mercy of which you have been unworthy, it is only presumed to do, it will be on one condition."

The young officer advanced a few paces nearer, he leaned over him with low, and spoke a few words in a low tone of voice.

A strong expression of disgust came over the handsome countenance of the soldier.

Your Excellency alluded to my father and his character—to shame his memory, and to—"

"Valentin Rojas!" said the general, turning to his aide-de-camp, "you have been guilty of gross neglect of duty in allowing your prisoner to escape; and, if you have any thing which had either to say or to urge in your own defence, you will please to speak."

"Your Excellency alluded to my father and his character—to shame his memory, and to—"

"The latter, then," replied the young man doggedly. "Before you condemn me to be shot, listen to what I have to say, and hear me out."

"Proceed, sir, but remember that you are addressing the general who has found you guilty of neglect of duty in taking my life on the terms you propose."

"There is no impropriety in serving the King in whatever way it may be," said the general sternly. "Take your choice, however, then, of sacrifice for life."

"The latter, then," replied the young man doggedly. "Order out the firing party, and let me be done with."

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Quick and decisive was the reply, and the general's command tone, to one of his aide-de-camps.

The young officer then knelt down, and, as he did so, emerged the bi-standers, and a young and beautiful girl, and had long been in the neighborhood, rushed forward from those who sought to restrain her, and rushing up to the young officer, fell down on her knees before him.

"Valentin or forgive," said the general, turning to his aide. "Poor Dolores!" added he, casting a look of sympathy upon the fair petitioner. The general had given his court-martial has condemned you to death, but not withstanding a recommendation to mercy, founded on your good character and zeal for the true cause. Neither do I forget the services of your gallant father, since at the side of the immortal Zumalacarregui. Your faults, however, must be repaired; and if I extend to you the mercy of which you have been unworthy, it is only presumed to do, it will be on one condition."

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